

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

A
A
0
0
1
4
3
3
7
2
1
6

GARRICK
The Irish Widow

PR
3467
I7

THE MINOR DRAMA.

THE ACTING EDITION.

No. CLXVIII.

THE
IRISH WIDOW.

A Farce, in Two Acts.

BY DAVID GARRICK.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—
Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and
the whole of the Stage Business

AS PERFORMED AT

THE PRINCIPAL ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATERS.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF THE CHARACTERS.—[The Irish Widow.]

	<i>Drury Lane, London, 1814.</i>	<i>Covent Garden, London, 1807.</i>	<i>Park, N. Y. 1827.</i>	<i>Philadelphia, 1824.</i>
<i>Sir Pat O'Neale</i>	Mr. R. Palmer.	Mr. Waddy.	Mr. Woodhull.	Mr. Burke.
<i>Whittle</i>	" Hughes.	" Emery.	" W. Jones.	" Warren.
<i>Nephew</i>	" Waldegrave.	" Claremont.	" Richings.	" T. Jefferson.
<i>Bates</i>	" Carr.	" Davenport.	" Nexen.	" Hathwell.
<i>Kecksey</i>	" Lovegrove.	" Simmons.	" Barnes.	" Jefferson.
<i>Thomas</i>	" Knight.	" Blanchard.	" Placide.	" Green.
<i>Footman</i>	" Evans.	" Trueman.	_____	" Murray.
<i>Widow Brady</i>	Mrs. Mardyn.	Mrs. Lichfield.	Mrs. Stickney.	Mrs. Battersby.

Black Boy, Servants, &c.

THE IRISH WIDOW.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—WHITTLE'S House.

Enter BATES and SERVANT.

Bates. Is he gone out? His card tells me to come directly—I did but lock up some papers, take my hat and cane, and away I hurried.

Serv. My master desires you will sit down, he will return immediately—he had some business with his lawyer, and went out in great haste, leaving the message I have delivered. Here is my young master. [Exit.]

Enter NEPHEW.

Bates. What, lively Billy! Hold, I beg your pardon—melancholy William, I think—Here's a fine revolution—I hear your uncle, who was last month all gravity, and you all mirth, have changed characters; he is now all spirit, and you are in the dumps, young man.

Nep. And for the same reason—this journey to Scarborough will unfold the riddle.

Bates. Come, come, in plain English, and before your uncle comes, explain the matter.

Nep. In the first place, I am undone.

Bates. In love, I know—I hope your uncle is not undone too; that would be the devil!

Nep. He has taken possession of him in every sense. In short, he came to Scarborough to see the lady I had fallen in love with——

Bates. And fell in love himself?

Nep. Yes, and with the same lady.

Bates. That is the devil indeed!

Nep. O, Mr. Bates! when I thought my happiness complete, and wanted only my uncle's consent, to give me the independence he so often has promised me, he came to Scarborough for that purpose, and wished me joy of my choice; but, in less than a week, his approbation turned into a passion for her; he now hates the sight of me, and is resolved, with the consent of the father, to make her his wife directly.

Bates. So he keeps you out of your fortune, won't give his consent, which his brother's foolish will requires, and he would marry himself the same woman, because right, title, conscience, nature, justice, and every law, divine and human, are against it.

Nep. Thus he tricks me at once both of wife and fortune, without the least want of either.

Bates. Well said, friend Whittle! but it can't be, it shan't be, and it must not be—this is murder and robbery in the strongest sense, and he shan't be hanged in chains to be laughed at by the whole town, if I can help it.

Nep. I am distracted, the widow is distressed, and we both shall run mad.

Bates. A widow too! 'gad a mercy, threescore and five!

Nep. But such a widow! She is now in town with her father, who wants to get her off his hands; 'tis equal to him who has her, so she is provided for—I hear somebody coming—I must away to her lodgings, where she waits for me to execute a scheme directly for our delivery.

Bates. What is her name, Billy?

Nep. Brady.

Bates. Brady! Is she not daughter to Sir Patrick O'Neale?

Nep. The same. She was sacrificed to the most senseless, drunken, profligate in the whole country. He lived to run out his fortune; and the only advantage she got from the union was, he broke that and his neck before he had broke her heart.

Bates. The affair of marriage is, in this country, put upon the easiest footing; there is neither love nor hate in the matter; necessity brings them together; they are united at first for their mutual convenience, and separated ever after for their particular pleasures—O rare matrimony!—Where does she lodge?

Nep. In Pall-Mall, near the hotel.

Bates. I'll call in my way, and assist at the consultation; I am for a bold stroke, if gentle methods should fail.

Nep. We have a plan, and a spirited one, if my sweet widow is able to go through with it—pray let us have your friendly assistance—ours is the cause of love and reason.

Bates. Get you gone, with your love and reason, they seldom pull together now-a-days. I'll give your uncle a dose first, and then I'll meet you at the widow's. What says your uncle's privy counselor, Mr. Thomas, to this?

Nep. He is greatly our friend, and will enter sincerely into our service—he is honest, sensible, ignorant and particular; a kind of half coxcomb, with a thorough good heart—but he's here.

Bates. Do you go about your business, and leave the rest to me.

[*Exit NEPHEW.*]

Enter THOMAS, with a pamphlet.

Mr. Thomas, I am glad to see you; upon my word, you look charmingly—you wear well, Mr. Thomas.

Tho. Which is a wonder, considering how times go, Mr. Bates—they'll wear and tear me too, if I don't take care of myself; my old master has taken the nearest way to wear himself out, and all that belongs to him.

Bates. Why surely this strange story about town is not true, that the old gentleman is fallen in love?

Tho. Ten times worse than that !

Bates. The devil !

Tho. And his horns,—going to be married !

Bates. Not if I can help it.

Tho. You never saw such an altered man in your born days ! he's grown young again ; he frisks, and prances, and runs about, as if he had a new pair of legs—he has left off his brown camlet surtout, which he wore all the summer, and now, with his hat under his arm, he goes open-breasted, and dresses, and powders, and smirks, so that you would take him for the mad Frenchman in Bedlam—something wrong in his upper story. Would you think it ?—he wants me to wear a pig-tail !

Bates. Then he is far gone indeed !

Tho. As sure as you are there, Mr. Bates, a pig-tail !—we have had sad work about it—I made a compromise with him to wear these ruffled shirts which he gave me ; but they stand in my way—I am not so listless with them—though I have tied up my hands for him, I won't tie up my head, that I am resolute.

Bates. This is to be in love, Thomas !

Tho. He may make free with himself, he shan't make a fool of me—he has got his head into a bag, but I won't have a pig-tail tacked to mine—and so I told him—

Bates. What did you tell him ?

Tho. That as I and my father, and his father before me, had worn their own hair as heaven had sent it. I thought myself rather too old to set up for a monkey at my time of life, and wear a pigtail—he ! he ! he !—he took it.

Bates. With a wry face, for it was wormwood.

Tho. Yes, he was frumped, and called me old blockhead, and would not speak to me the rest of the day—but the next day he was at it again—he then put me into a passion—and I could not help telling him, that I was an Englishman born, and had my prerogative as well as he ; and that as long as I had breath in my body, I was for liberty and a strait head of hair.

Bates. Well said, Thomas—he could not answer that.

Tho. The poorest man in England is a match for the greatest, if he will but stick to the laws of the land, and the statute books, as they are delivered down to us from our forefathers.

Bates. You are right—we must lay our wits together, and drive the widow out of your old master's head, and put her into the young master's hands.

Tho. With all my heart—nothing can be more meritorious—marry at his years ! what a terrible account would he make of it, Mr. Bates ? Let me see—on the debtor side sixty-five and per contra creditor, a buxom widow of twenty-three—he'll be a bankrupt in a fortnight—he ! he ! he !

Bates. And so he would, Mr. Thomas—what have you got in your hand ?

Tho. A pamphlet, my old gentleman takes in—he has left off buying histories and religious pieces by numbers, as he used to do ; and

since he has got this widow in his head, he reads nothing but the *Anorous Repository's* Cupid's Revels, Call to Marriage, Hymen's Delights, Love lies a Bleeding, Love in the Suds, and such like tender compositions.

Bates. Here he comes, with all his folly about him.

Tho. Yes, and the first fool from Vanity-fair—Heaven help us—love turns man and woman topsy turvy. [*Exit.*]

Whittle. [*Without.*] Where is he? where is my good friend?

Enter WHITTLE.

Ha! here he is—give me your hand.

Bates. I am glad to see you in such spirits, my old gentleman.

Whit. Not so old neither; no man ought to be called old, friend Bates, if he is in health, spirits, and——

Bates. In his senses—which I should rather doubt, as I never saw you half so frolicsome in my life.

Whit. Never too old too learn, friend; and if I don't make use of my own philosophy now, I may wear it out in twenty years. I have always been bantered as of too grave a cast—you know when I studied at Lincoln's Inn, they used to call me Young Wisdom.

Bates. And if they should call you Old Folly, it would be a much worse name.

Whit. No young jackanapes dares to call me so, while I have this friend at my side. [*Touches his sword.*]

Bates. A hero too! What, in the name of common sense, is come to you, my friend?—high spirits, quick honor, a long sword, and a bag!—you want nothing but to be terribly in love, and then you may sally forth Knight of the Woful Countenance. Ha! ha! ha!

Whit. Mr. Bates—the ladies, who are the best judges of countenances, are not of your opinion; and unless you'll be a little serious, I must beg pardon for giving you this trouble, and I'll open my mind to some more attentive friend.

Bates. Well, come, unlock then, you wild, handsome, vigorous, young dog, you—I will please you if I can.

Whit. I believe you never saw me look better, Frank, did you?

Bates. O yes, rather better forty years ago.

Whit. What, when I was at Merchant Tailors' School?

Bates. At Lincoln's Inn, Tom.

Whit. It can't be—I never disguise my age, and next February I shall be fifty-four.

Bates. Fifty-four! why I am sixty, and you always licked me at school—though I believe I could do as much for you now, and e'cod I believe you deserve it too.

Whit. I tell you I am in my fifty-fifth year.

Bates. O, you are—let me see—we were together at Cambridge, Anno Domini twenty-five, which is nearly fifty years ago—you came to the college, indeed, surprisingly young; and, what is more surprising, by this calculation you went to school before you was born—you was always a forward child.

Whit. I see there is no talking or consulting with you in this hu-

mour; and so, Mr. Bates, when you are in temper to show less of your wit, and more of your friendship, I shall consult with you.

Bates. Fare you well my old boy—young fellow, I mean—when you have done sowing your wild oats, and have been blistered into your right senses; when you have half killed yourself with being a beau, and return to your woolen caps, flannel waistcoats, worsted stockings, cork soles, and galloochies, I am at your service again. So bon jour to you, Monsieur Fifty-four—ha! ha! [Exit.

Whit. He has certainly heard of my affair—but he is old and peevish—he want's spirits and strength of constitution to conceive my happiness—I am in love with the widow, and must have her; every man knows his own wants—let the world laugh, and my friends stare! let 'em call me imprudent, and mad, if they please—I live in good times and among people of fashion; so none of my neighbors, thank Heaven, can have the assurance to laugh at me.

Enter KECKSEY.

Keck. What, my friend Whittle! joy! joy! to you, old boy—you are going! a going! a going! a fine widow has bid for you, and will have you—hah, friend? all for the best—there is nothing like it—hugh! hugh! hugh!—a good wife is a good thing, and a young one is a better—hah—who's afraid? If I had not lately married one, I should have been at death's door by this time—hugh! hugh! hugh!

Whit. Thank, thank you friend! I was coming to advise with you—I am got into the pond again—in love up to the ears—a fine woman, faith; and there's no love lost between us. Am I right friend?

Keck. Right! ay, right as my leg, Tom! Life's nothing without love—hugh! hugh! I am happy as the day's long! my wife loves gadding, and I can't stay at home; so we are both of a mind—she's every night at one or other of the gay places; but among friends, I am little afraid of the damp; hugh! hugh! she has got an Irish gentleman, a kind of cousin of hers, to take care of her; a fine fellow; and so good-natured. It is a vast comfort to have such a friend in a family! Hugh! hugh! hugh!

Whit. You are a bold man cousin Kecksey.

Keck. Bold! ay to be sure; none but the brave deserve the fair—Hugh! hugh! who's afraid?

Whit. Why your wife is five feet ten.

Keck. Without her shoes. I hate your little shrimps; none of your lean, meagre figures for me; I was always fond of the majestic; give me a slice of a good English surloin; cut and come again; hugh! hugh! that's my taste.

Whit. I am glad you have so good a stomach. And so you would advise me to marry the widow directly?

Keck. To be sure—you have not a moment to lose; I always mind what the poet says,

'Tis folly to lose time,
When a man is in his prime.

Hugh, hugh, hugh!

Whit. You have an ugly cough, cousin.

Keck. Marriage is the best lozenge for it.

Whit. You have raised me from the dead—I am glad you came—Frank Bates had almost killed me with his jokes—but you have comforted me, and we will walk through the park; and I will carry you to the widow in Pall-Mall.

—*Keck.* With all my heart—I'll raise her spirits, and your's too—
courgae, Tom—come along—who's afraid? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Widow's Lodgings.*

Enter WIDOW, NEPHEW, and BATES.

Bates. Indeed, madam, there is no other way but to cast off your real character and assume a feigned one; it is an extraordinary occasion, and requires extraordinary measures; pluck up a spirit, and do it for the honour of your sex.

Nep. Only consider, my sweet widow, that our all is at stake.

Wid. Could I bring my heart to act contrary to its feelings, would not you hate me for being a hypocrite, though it is done for your sake?

Nep. Could I think myself capable of such ingratitude—

Wid. Could we live upon affection, I would give your fortune to your uncle, and thank him for taking it; and then—

Nep. What then, my sweet widow?

Wid. I would desire you to run away with me as fast as you can. What a pity it is that this money, which my heart despises, should hinder its happiness, or that, for the want of a few dirty acres, a poor woman must be made miserable, and sacrificed twice to those who have them.

Nep. Heaven forbid! These exquisite sentiments endear you more to me, and distract me with the dread of losing you.

Bates. Young folks, let an old man, who is not quite in love, and yet will admire a fine woman to the day of his death, throw in a little advice among your flames and darts.

Wid. Though a woman, a widow, and in love too, I can hear reason, Mr. Bates.

Bates. And that's a wonder—you have no time to lose; for want of a jointure you are still your father's slave; he is obstinate, and has promised you to the old man; now, madam, if you will not rise superior to your sex's weakness, to secure a young fellow instead of an old one, your eyes are a couple of hypocrites.

Wid. They are a couple of traitors, I'm sure, and have led their mistress into a toil, from which all her wit cannot release her.

Nep. But it can, if you will but exert it; my uncle adored and fell in love with you for your beauty, softness, and almost speechless reserve. Now, if amidst all his rapturous ideas of your delicacy, you would bounce upon him a wild, ranting, buxom widow, he will grow sick of his bargain, and give me a fortune to take you off his hands.

Wid. I shall make a very bad actress.

Nep. You are an excellent mimie; assume but the character of your Irish female neighbor in the country, with which you astonish-

ed us so agreeably at Scarborough; you will frighten my uncle into terms, and do that for us which neither my love nor your virtue can accomplish without it.

Wid. Now for a trial. [*Mimicking a strong brogue.*] Fait and trot, if you will be after bringing me before the old jontleman, if he loves music, I will trate his ears with a little of the brogue, and some dancing too into the bargain if he loves capering.—O bless me! my heart fails me, and I am frightened out of my wits; I can never go through with it. [*Nep. and BATES both laugh.*]

Nep. [*Kneeling and kissing her hand.*] O, 'tis admirable! Love himself inspires you, and we shall conquer; what say you Mr. Bates?

Bates. I'll insure you success; I can scarce believe my own ears; such a tongue and a brogue would make Hercules tremble at five-and-twenty; but away, away, and give him a broadside in the Park; there you'll find him hobbling with that old cuckold. Kecksey.

Wid. But will my dress snit the character I play?

Nep. The very thing; is your retinne ready, and your part got by heart?

Wid. All is ready; 'tis an act of despair to punish folly, and reward merit; 'tis the last effort of pure, honorable love; and if every woman would exert the same spirit for the same out-of-fashion rarity, there would be less business for Doctors'-commons. Now let the critics laugh at me if they dare. [*Exit with spirit.*]

Nep. Brava! bravissima! sweet widow!

[*Exit.*]

Bates. Huzza! huzza!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III—*The Park.*

Enter WHITTLE and KECKSEY.

Whit. Yes, yes, she is Irish, but so modest, so mild, and so tender, and just enough of the accent to give a peculiar sweetness to her words which drop from her in monosyllables, with such a delicate reserve, that I shall have all the comfort, without the impertinence of a wife.

Keck. There our taste differs, friend; I am for a lively, smart girl in my house, hugh! hugh! to keep up my spirits and make me merry; I don't admire dumb waiters, not I, no still life for me; I love the prittle prattle, it sets me to sleep; and I can take a sound nap, while my Sally and her cousin are running and playing about the house like young cats.

Whit. I am for no cats in my house; I cannot sleep with a noise; the widow was made on purpose for me; she is so bashful, has no acquaintance, and she never would stir out of doors if her friends were not afraid of a consumption; and so force her into the air. Such a delicate creature! you shall see her; you were always for a tall, chattering, frisky wench; now, for my part, I am with the old saving,

Wife a mouse,
Quiet house;
Wife a cat,
Dreadful that.

Keck. I don't care for your sayings—who's afraid?

Whit. There goes Bates, let us avoid him, he will only be joking with us, when I have taken a serious thing into my head, I can't bear to have it laughed out again. This way, friend Kecksey. What have we got here?

Keck. [*Looking out.*] Some fine prancing wench, with her lovers and footmen about her; she's a gay one by her motions.

Whit. Were she not so flaunting, I should take it for—No, it is impossible; and yet is not that my nephew with her? I forbade him speaking to her; it can't be the widow; I hope it is not.

Enter WIDOW, followed by NEPHEW, three FOOTMEN, and a black BOY.

Wid. Don't bother me, young man with your darts, your Cupid's and your pangs; if you had half of 'em about you that you swear you have, they would have cured you, by killing you long ago. Would you have me faithless to your uncle, hah! young man? Was not I faithful to you, till I was ordered to be faithful to him? But I must know more of your English ways, and live more among the English ladies, to learn how to be faithful to two at a time—and so there's my answer for you.

Nep. Then I know my relief; for I cannot live without you,

[*Exit.*]

Wid. Take what relief you please, young jontleman; what have I to do with dat? He is certainly mad, or out of his senses, for he swears he can't live without me, and yet he talks of killing himself! How does he make out dat? If a countryman of mine had made such a blunder, they would have put it into all the newspapers, and Faulkner's Journal beside; but an Englishman may look over the hedge, while an Irishman must not stare a horse.

Keck. Is this the widow, friend Whittle?

Whit. I don't know, [*Sighing*] it is, and it is not.

Wid. Your servant, Mr. Whittol; I wish you would spake to your nephew not to be whining and dangling after me all day in his green coat. It is not for my reputation that he should follow me about like a beggar-man, and ask me for what I had given him along ago, but have since bestowed upon you, Mr. Whittol.

Whit. He is an impudent beggar, and shall be really so, for his disobedience.

Wid. As he can't live without me, you know, it will be charity to starve him; I wish the poor young man dead with all my heart, as he thinks it will do him a great deal of good.

Keck. [*To WHITTLE.*] She is tender, indeed! and I think she has the brogue a little—hugh, hugh!

Whit. 'Tis stronger to-day than ever I heard it. [*Staring.*]

Wid. And are you talking of my brogue? It is always the most fullest when the wind is easterly; it has the same effect upon me, as upon stammering people—they can't spake for their impediment, and my tongue is fix'd so loose in my mouth, I can't stop it for the life of me.

Whit. What a terrible misfortune, friend Kecksey!

Keck. Not at all ; the more tongue the better, say I.

Wid. When the wind changes I have no brogue at all, at all. But come Mr. Whittol, don't let us be vulgar and talk of our poor relations. It is impossible to be in this metropolis of London, and have any thought but of operas; plays, masquerades, and pantaons, to keep up one's spirits in the winter ; and Vauxhall fireworks to cool and refresh one in the summer. La, la, la ! [Sings.

Whit. I protest she puts me into a sweat ; we shall have a mob about us.

Keck. The more the merrier, I say—who's afraid ?

Wid. How the people stare ! as if they never saw a woman's voice before ; but my vivacity has got the better of my good manners. This, I suppose, this strange gentleman is a near friend and relation, and as such, notwithstanding his appearance, I shall always trate him though I might dislike him upon a nearer acquaintance.

Keck. Madame, you do me honor ; I like your frankness, and I like your person, and I envy my friend Whittle ; and if you were not engaged, and I were not married, I would endeavor to make myself agreeable to you, that I would—hugh ! hugh !

Wid. And, indeed, sir, it would be very agreeable to me ; for if I did hate you as much as I did my first dare husband, I should always have the comfort, that in all human probability, my torments would not last long.

Keck. She utters something more than monosyllables, friend ; this is better than bargain : she has a fine bold way of talking.

Whit. More bold than welcome ! I am struck all of a heap.

Wid. What, are you low spirited, my dare Mr. Whittol ? When you were at Scarborough, and winning my affections, you were all mirth and gayety ; and now you have won me, you are as thoughtful about it as if we had been married some time.

Whit. Indeed, madame, I can't but say I am a little thoughtful—we take it by turns ; you were very sorrowful a month ago for the loss of your husband, and that you could dry up your tears so soon, naturally makes me a little thoughtful.

Wid. Indeed I could dry up my tears for a dozen husbands, when I was sure of having a thirteenth like Mr. Whittol ; that's very natural, sure, both in England and Dublin, too.

Keck. She won't die of a consumption ; she has a fine full-toned voice, and you'll be very happy, Tom—hugh ! hugh !

Whit. Oh ! yes, very happy.

Wid. But come, don't let us be melancholy before the time ; I am sure I have been moped up for a year and a half—I was obliged to mourn for my first husband, that I might be sure of a second ; and my father kept my spirits in subjection, as the best recipe (he said) for changing a widow into a wife ; but now I have my arms and legs at liberty, I must and will have my swing ; now I am out of my cage, I could dance two nights together, and a day too, like any singing bird ; and I'm in such spirits that I have got rid of my father, I could fly over the moon without wings, and back again, before dinner. Bless my eyes, and don't I see there Miss Nancy O'Elarty, and her

brother Captain O'Flarty? He was one of my dying Strephons at Scarborough; I have a very grate regard for him, and must make him a little miserable with my happiness. [*Curtesies.*] Come along, skips, [*to the servants.*] don't you be gostring there; show your liveries, and bow to your master that is to be, and to his friend, and hold up your heads, and trip after me as lightly as if you had no legs to your feet. I shall be with you again, jontlemen, in the crack of a fan—Oh! I'll have a husband! ay marry.

[*Exit singing, followed by footmen.*]

Keck. A fine buxom widow, faith! no acquaintance—delicate reserve—mopes at home—forced into the air—inclined to a consumption. What a discription you gave of your wife! Why she beats my Sally, Tom.

Whit. Yes, and she'll beat me if I don't take care! what a change is here! I must turn about, or this will turn my head. Dance for two nights together, and leap over the moon! you shall dance and leap by yourself, that I am resolved.

Keck. Here she comes again; it does my heart good to see her—you are in luck, Tom.

Whit. I'd give a finger to be out of such luck.

Re-enter WIDOW, &c.

Wid. Ha, ha, ha! the poor captain is marched off in a fury. He can't bear to hear that the town has capitulated to you, Mr. Whittol. I have promised to introduce him to you. He will make one of my dangles to take a little exercise with me, when you take your nap in the afternoon.

Whit. You shan't catch me napping, I assure you. What a discovery and escape I have made! I tremble with the thought of my danger!

[*Aside.*]

Keck. I protest, cousin, there goes my wife, and her friend, Mr. Mac Brawn. What a fine stately couple they are! I must after 'em and have a laugh with them—now they giggle and walk quick, that I mayn't overtake 'em. Madame, your servant. You're a happy man, Tom. Keep up your spirits old boy. Hugh! hugh! who's afraid.

[*Exit.*]

Wid. I know Mr. Mac Brawn extremely well—he was very intimate at our house, in my first husband's time; a great comfort he was to me to be sure! he would very often leave his claret and compassions for a little conversation with me. He was bred at the Dublin university, and being a very deep scholar, has fine talents for a tate-a-tate.

Whit. She knows him, too! I shall have my house overrun with the Mac Brawns, O'Shoulders, and the blood of the Blackwells. Lord have mercy upon me!

[*Aside.*]

Wid. Pray, Mr. Whittol, is that poor spindle-legged crater of a cousin of yours, lately married? ha, ha, ha! I don't pity the poor crater his wife, for that agrable cough of his, will soon reward her for her sufferings.

Whit. What a delivery! a reprieve before the knot was tied.

[*Aside.*]

Wid. Are you unwell, Mr. Whittol? I should be sorry you would fall sick before the happy day. Your being in danger afterwards would be a great consolation to me, because I should have the pleasure of nursing you myself.

Whit. I hope never to give you that trouble, madame.

Wid. No trouble. at all, at all; I assure you, sir, from my soul, that I shall take great delight in the occasion.

Whit. Indeed, madame, I believe it.

Wid. I don't care how soon, the sooner the better; and the more danger the more the more honor; I spake from my heart.

Whit. And so do I from mine, madame. [Sighs.]

Wid. But don't let us think of future pleasure, and neglect the present satisfaction. My mantua maker is waiting for me to choose my clothes, in which I shall forget the sorrows of Mrs. Brady, in the joys of Mrs. Whittol. Though I have no fortune myself, I shall bring a tolerable one to you, in debts, Mr. Whittol, and which I will pay you tifold in tenderness; your deep purse and my open heart, will make us the envy of the little grate ones, and the grate little ones; the people of quality with no souls, and grate souls with no cash at all. I hope you'll meet me at the Pantoon this evening. Lady Rantiton and her daughter, Miss Nettledown, and Nancy Tittup, with half a dozen maccaroones, and two savory rivers, are to take me there, and we propose a grate deal of chat and merriment, and dancing all night, and all other kind of recreations. I am quite another kind of crater, now I am a bird in the fields; I can junket about a week together; I have a fine constitution, and am never never molested with your nasty vapors; are you ever troubled with vapors, Mr. Whittol?

Whit. A little, now and then, madam.

Wid. I'll rattle 'em away like smoke! there are no vapors where I come; I hate your dumps, and your nerves, and your megrims; and I had much rather break your rest with a little racketing, than let anything get into your head that should not be there, Mr. Whittol.

Whit. I shall take care that nothing shall be in my head, but what ought to be there. What a deliverance! [Aside.]

Wid. [Looking at her watch.] Bless me! how the hours of the clock creep away when we are plased with our company; but I must lave you, for there are half a hundred people, waiting for me to pick your pocket, Mr. Whittol; and there is my own brother, lieutenant O'Neal, is to arrive this morning, and he is so like me you would not know us asunder when we are together; you will be very fond of him, poor lad! he lives by his wits, as you do by your fortune, and so you may assist one another. Mr. Whittol, your obadiant till we meet at the Pantoon. Follow me Pompey; and skips, do you follow him.

Pomp. The Baccararo whitemen not let blacky boy go first after you, missis, they pull and pinch me.

Foot. It is a shame, your ladyship, that a black negro should take place of English Christians—we can't follow him, indeed.

Wid. Then you may follow one another out of my service ; if you follow me, you shall follow him, for he shall go before me ; therefore, resign as fast as you please ; you shan't oppose government and keep your places too, that is not good politics in England or Ireland either, so come along, Pompey, be after going before me. Mr. Whittol, most tenderly yours.

[*Exeunt WIDOW and ATTENDANTS.*]

Whit. Most tenderly yours ! [*Mimicks her.*] Ecod, I believe you are, and anybody's else. O, what an escape have I had ! But how shall I clear myself of this business ? I'll serve her as I would bad money, put her off into other hands ; my nephew is fool enough to be in love with her, and if I give him a fortune he'll take the good and the bad together—he shall do so or starve. I'll send for Bates directly, confess my folly, ask his pardon, send him to my nephew, write and declare off with the widow, and so get rid of her tenderness as fast as I can.

[*Erit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room in WHITTLE'S house.*

Enter BATES and WHITTLE.

Whit. Well, Mr. Bates, have you talked with my nephew ; is he not overjoyed at the proposal ?

Bates. The demon of discord has been among you and has untuned the whole family ; you have screwed him too high ; the young man is out of his senses, I think ; he stares, mopes about, and sighs ; looks at me indeed, but gives very absurd answers ; I don't like him.

Whit. What is the matter, think you ?

Bates. What I have always expected ; there is a crack in your family and you take it by turns ! you have had it, and now transfer it to your nephew ; which, to your shame be it spoken, is the only transfer you have ever made him.

Whit. But, am I not going to do him more than justice ?

Bates. As you have done much less than justice hitherto, you can't begin too soon.

Whit. Am not I going to give him the lady he likes, and which I was going to marry myself ?

Bates. Yes ; that is, you are taking a perpetual blister off your own back, to clap it upon his. What a tender uncle you are !

Whit. But you don't consider the estate which I shall give him.

Bates. Restore to him, you mean—'tis his own, and you should have given it up long ago ; you must do more, or old Nick will have you ; your nephew won't take the widow off your hands without a fortune ; throw ten thousand into the bargain.

Whit. Indeed but I shan't; he shall run mad, and I'll marry her myself rather than do that. Mr. Bates be a true friend, and sooth my nephew to consent to my proposal.

Bates. You have raised the fiend, and ought to lay him; however, I'll do my best for you; when the head is turned, nothing can bring it right again so soon as ten thousand pounds; shall I promise for you?

Whit. I'll sooner go to Bedlam myself. [*Exit BATES.*] Why, I'm in a worse condition than I was before. If this widow's father will not let me off without providing for his daughter, I may lose a great sum of money, and none of us be the better of it; my nephew half mad; myself half married; and no remedy for either of us.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir Patrick O'Neale is come to wait upon you, would you please to see him?

Whit. By all means the very person I wanted; don't let him wait. [*Exit SERVANT.*] I wonder if he has seen my letter to the widow; I will sound him by degrees, that I may be sure of my mark before I strike the blow.

Enter SIR PATRICK O'NEALE.

Sir P. Mr. Whizzle, your humble servant; it gives me great pleasure, that an old jontleman of your property, will have the honor of being united with the family of the O'Neale's; we have been too much jontleman not to spend our estate, as you have made yourself a kind of jontleman by getting one; one runs out one way, and 'tother runs in another, which makes them both meet at last, and keeps up the balance of Europe.

Whit. I am much obliged to you, Sir Patrick; I am an old gentleman, you say true; and I was thinking—

Sir P. And I was thinking if you was ever so old my daughter can make you young again; she has as fine, rich, tick blood in her veins as any in all Ireland. I wish you had a swate crater of a daughter like mine, that we might make a double cross of it.

Whit. That would be a double cross indeed! [*Aside.*]

Sir P. Though I was miserable enough with my first wife, who had the devil of a spirit, and the very model of her daughter, yet a brave man never shrinks from danger, and I may have better luck another time.

Whit. Yes, but I am no brave man, Sir Patrick, and I begin to shrink already.

Sir P. I have bred her up in great subjection; she is as tame as a young colt, and as tinder as a sucking chicken; you will find her a true jontlewoman, and so knowing that you can teach her nothing; she brings everything but money, and you have enough of that, if you have nothing else, and that is what I call the balance of things.

Whit. But I have been considering your daughter's great deserts, and my great age—

Sir P. She is a charming creature; I would venture to say that, if I was not her father.

Whit. I say, sir, as I have been considering your daughter's great deserts, and as I own I have great demerits

Sir P. To be sure you have, but you can't help that; and if my daughter was to mention anything of a fleering at your age, or your stinginess, by the balance of power, but I would make her repate it a hundred times to your face, to make her ashamed of it; but mum, old gentleman, the devil a word of your infirmities, will she touch upon; I have brought her up to softness and to gentleness, as a kitten to new milk; she will spake nothing but no and yes, as if she were dumb; and no tame rabbit or pigeon will keep house, or be more injunious with her needle and tamborine.

Whit. She is vastly altered then since I saw her last, or I have lost my senses, and in either case we had much better, since I must speak plain, not come together—

Sir P. Till you are married, you mean—with all my heart, it is the more gentale for that, and like our family; I never saw Lady O'Neale, your mother-in-law, who, poor crater, is dead, and can never be a mother-in-law again, till the week before I married her; and I did not care if I had never seen her then, which is a comfort too, in case of death, or accidents in life.

Whit. But you don't understand me, sir Patrick, I say—

Sir P. I say, how can that be, when we both spake English?

Whit. But you mistake my meaning, and don't comprehend me.

Sir P. Then you don't comprehend yourself, Mr. Whizzle, and I have not the gift of prophecy to find out, after you have spoke what never was in you.

Whit. Let me entreat you to attend to me a little.

Sir P. I do attend, man; I don't interrupt you—out with it.

Whit. Your daughter—

Sir P. Your wife that is to be. Go on.

Whit. My wife that is not to be. Zounds! will you hear me?

Sir P. To be, or not to be, is that the question? I can swear too, if it wants a little of that.

Whit. Dear Sir Patrick, hear me. I confess myself unworthy of her; I have the greatest regard for you, Sir Patrick; I should think myself honored by being in your family, but there are many reasons—

Sir P. To be sure there are many reasons why an old man should not marry a young woman; but that was your business and not mine.

Whit. I have wrote a letter to your daughter, which I was in hopes you had seen, and brought me an answer to it.

Sir P. What the devil, Mr. Whizzle, do you make a letter-porter of me? Do you imagine you dirty fellow, with your cash, that Sir Patrick O'Neale would carry your letters? I would have you know that I despise letters and all that belong to 'em; nor would I carry a letter to the king, heaven bless him, unless it came from myself.

Whit. But dear Sir Patrick, don't be in a passion for nothing.

Sir P. What, is it nothing to make a penny-postman of me? But I'll go to my daughter directly, for I have not seen her to-day; and if I find that you have written anything that I won't understand, I shall take it as an affront to my family; and you shall either let out the noble blood of the O'Neales, or I will spill the last drop of the red

puddle of the Whizzles. [*Going—Returns.*] Harkye, you, Mr. Whizzle, Wheezle, Whistle, what's your name? You must not stir till I come back; if you offer to ate, drink, or sleep, till my honor is satisfied, 'twill be the worst male you ever took in your life; you had better fast a year, and die at the end of six months, than dare to lave your house. So now, Mr. Weezle, you are to do as you please.

[*Exit.*]

Whit. Now the devil is at work indeed! if some miracle don't save me, I shall run mad like my nephew, and have a long Irish sword through me into the bargain.

Enter THOMAS.

Sad work, Thomas!

Tho. Sad work, indeed! why would you think of marrying? I knew what it would come to.

Whit. Why, what is it come to?

Tho. It is in all the papers.

Whit. So much the better, then nobody will believe it.

Tho. But they come to me to inquire.

Whit. And you contradict it?

Tho. What signifies that? I was telling Lady Gabble's footman, at the door just now, that it was all a lie, and your nephew looks out of the two-pair-of-stairs window, with eyes all on fire, and tells the whole story; upon that, there gathered such a mob!

Whit. I shall be murdered, and have my house pulled down into the bargain.

Tho. It is all quiet again. I told them the young man was out of his senses, and that you were out of town; so they went away quietly, and said they would come and mob you another time.

Whit. Thomas, what shall I do?

Tho. Nothing you have done, if you will have matters amend.

Whit. I am out of my depth, and you won't lend me your hand to draw me out.

Tho. You were out of your depth to fall in love; swim away as fast as you can, you'll be drowned if you marry.

Whit. I'm frightened out of my wits; yes, yes, 'tis all over with me; I must not stir out of my house; but am ordered to stay to be murdered in it for aught I know. What are you muttering Thomas? Pr'ythee speak out and comfort me.

Tho. It is all a judgment upon you; because your brother's foolish will, says, the young man must have your consent, you won't let him have her, but will marry the widow yourself; that's the dog in the manger: you can't eat the oats, and won't let those who can.

Whit. But I consent that he shall have both the widow and the fortune, if we can get him into his right senses.

Tho. For fear I should lose mine, I'll get out of Bedlam as soon as possible; you must provide yourself with another servant.

Whit. The whole earth conspires against me! you shall stay with me till I die, and then you shall have a good legacy, and I won't live long, I promise you.

[*Knocking at the door.*]

Tho. Here are the undertakers already. [Exit.

Whit. What shall I do? my head can't bear it; I will hang myself for fear of being run through the body.

Re-enter THOMAS, with bills.

Tho. Half a score people I never saw before, with these bills and drafts upon you for payment; signed Martha Brady.

Whit. I wish Martha Brady was at the bottom of the Thames! what an impudent, extravagant baggage, to begin her tricks already! send them to the devil, and say I won't pay a farthing!

Tho. You'll have another mob about the door. [Going.

Whit. Stay, stay, Thomas; tell them I am very busy, and they must come to-morrow morning;—stay, stay, that is promising payment; no, no, no—tell 'em they must stay till I nm married, and so they will be satisfied, and tricked into the bargain.

Tho. When you are tricked we shall be satisfied.

[Aside and exit.

Whit. That of all dreadful things I should think of a woman, and that woman should be a widow, and that widow should be an Irish one!—Who have we here? Another of the family I suppose.

[Retires

Enter WIDOW as LIEUTENANT O'NEALE, seemingly fluttered, and putting up his sword, THOMAS following.

Tho. I hope you are not hurt, captain.

Wid. O, not at all, at all; 'tis well they run away, or I should have made them run faster; I shall teach them how to snigger and look through glasses at their betters; these are your macaroons, as they call themselves; by my soul but I would have taught them better manners, if they would have stood still till I had overtaken them; these whipper-snappers look so much more like girls in breeches, than those I see in petticoats, that fait and trot, it is a pity to hurt 'em; but to business; friend, where is your masier?

Tho. There, captain; I hope he has not offended you.

Wid. If you are impertinent, sir, you will offend me; lave the room.

Tho. I value my life too much not to do that—what a raw-boned Tartar! I wish he had not been caught and sent here.

[Aside to WHITTLE; exit.

Whit. Her brother, by all that's terrible! and as like as two tigers! I sweat at the sight of him; I'm sorry Thomas is gone; he has been quarrelling already.

[Aside.

Wid. Is your name Whittol?

Whit. My name is Whittle, not Whittol.

Wid. We shan't stand for trifles—and you were born and christened by the name of Thomas?

Whit. So they told me, sir.

Wid. Then they told no lies, fait; so far, so good. [Takes out a letter.] Do you know that hand-writing?

Whit. As well as I know this good friend of mine, who helps me upon such occasions. [*Showing his right hand, and smiling.*]

Wid. You had better not show your teeth, sir, till we come to the jokes—the hand-writing is yours.

Whit. Yes, sir, it is mine.

[*Sighs.*]

Wid. Death and powder! what do you sigh for? Are you ashamed or sorry, for your handy-works?

Whit. Partly one, partly t'other.

Wid. Will you be plased, sir to rade it aloud, that you may know it again when you hare it.

Whit. [*Takes the letter and reads.*] “Madam”——

Wid. Would you be plased to let us know what madam you mean? For women of quality, and women of no quality, and women of all qualities, are so mixed together, that you don't know one from 'tother, and are all called madams; you should always read the subscription before you open the letter.

Whit. I beg your pardon, sir.—I don't like this ceremony. [*Aside.* “To Mrs. Brady, in Pall-Mall.”]

Wid. Now prosade—fire and powder, but I would—

Whit. Sir, what's the matter?

Wid. Nothing at all, sir; pray go on.

Whit. “Madam,—As I prefer your happiness to the indulgence of my own passions”——

Wid. I will not prefer your happiness to the indulgence of my passions—Mr. Whittol, rade on.

Whit. “I must confess that I am unworthy, of your charms and virtues.”

Wid. Very unworthy, indeed; rade on, sir.

Whit. “I have, for some days, had a severe struggle between my justice and my passion”——

Wid. I have had no struggle at all; my justice and passion are agreed.

Whit. “The former has prevailed, and I beg leave to resign you, with all your accomplishments, to some more deserving, though not more admiring servant, than your miserable and devoted,

THOMAS WHITTLE.”

Wid. And miserable and devoted you shall be—to the postscript; rade on.

Whit. “Postscript:—let me have your pity, but not your anger.

Wid. In answer to this love epistle, [*Snatches the letter*] you pitiful fellow, my sister presents you with her tinderest wishes, and assures you that you have, as you desire, her pity, and she generously throws her contempt too into the bargain.

[*Tears the letter and throws it at him.*]

Whit. I am infinitely obliged to her.

Wid. I must beg leave in the name of all our family to present the same to you.

Whit. I am ditto to all the family.

Wid. But as a brache of promise to any of our family was never suffered without a brache into somebody's body, I have fixed upon

myself to be your operator; and I believe that you will find that I have as fine a hand at this work, and will give you as little pain, as any in the three kingdoms.

[Sits down, and looses her knee-bands.]

Whit. For heaven's sake, captain, what are you about?

Wid. I always loosen my garters for the advantage of lunging; it is for your sake as well as my own, for I shall be twice through your body, before you shall feel me once.

Whit. What a terrible fellow it is! I wish Thomas would come in.

[Aside.]

Wid. Come, sir, prepare yourself; you are not the first, by half a score, that I have run through and through the heart, before they knew what was the matter with them.

Whit. But captain, suppose I will marry your sister?

Wid. I have not the last objection, if you recover of your wounds. Callaghan O'Connor lives very happy with my great aunt, Mrs. Deborah O'Neale, in the county of Galway; except a small asthma he got by my running him through the lungs at the Currough; he would have forsaken her, if I had not stopped his perfidy by a famous family styptic I have here; O, ho! my little old boy, but you shall get it.

[Draws.]

Whit. What shall I do?—we'll, sir, if I must, I must; I'll meet you to-morrow morning in Hyde-park, let the consequences be what it will.

Wid. For fear you might forget that favor, I must beg to be indulged with a little pushing now; I have set my heart upon it; and two birds in hand, is worth one in the bushes, Mr. Whittol—come sir.

Whit. But I have not settled my matters.

Wid. O, we'll settle 'em in a trice, I warrant you.

[Puts herself in a position.]

Whit. But I don't understand the sword; I had rather fight with pistols.

Wid. I am very happy it is in my power to oblige you; there sir, take your choice; I will please you if I can.

[Offers pistols.]

Whit. Out of the pan into the fire; there's no putting him off; if I had chosen poison, I dare swear he had arsenic in his pocket. *[Aside.]* Look ye, young gentleman, I am an old man, and you'll get no credit by killing me; but I have a nephew as young as yourself, and you'll get more honor in facing him.

Wid. Ay, and more pleasure too—I expect ample satisfaction from him, after I have done your business; prepare sir.

Whit. What, the devil; won't one serve your turn? I can't fight, and I won't fight; I'll do anything rather than fight; I'll marry your sister; my nephew shall marry her; I'll give him all my fortune; what would the fellow have? Here, nephew! Thomas! murder! murder!

[He flees and she pursues.]

Enter BATES and NEPHEW.

Nep. What's the matter, uncle?

Whit. Murder, that's all; that ruffian there would kill me, and eat me afterwards.

Nep. I'll find a way to cool him! come out, Sir, I am as mad as yourself; I'll watch you. *[Going out with him.]*

Wid. I'll follow you all the world over. *[Going after him.]*

Whit. Stay, stay nephew, you shan't fight; we shall be exposed all over the town, and you may lose your life, and I shall be cursed from morning to night; do, nephew, make yourself and me happy; be the olive-branch, and bring peace into my family; return to the widow; I will give you my consent, and your fortune, and a fortune to the widow, five thousand pounds! Do persuade him, Mr. Bates.

Bates. Do sir; this is a very critical point of your life; I know you love her; 'tis the only method to restore us all to our senses.

Nep. I must talk in private first with this hot young gentleman.

Wid. As private as you please, sir.

Whit. Take their weapons away, Mr. Bates; and do you follow me to my study, to witness my proposal; it is all ready, and only wants signing; come along! come along. *[Exit.]*

Bates. Victoria! Victoria! give me your swords and pistols; and now do your worst, you spirited, loving young couple; I could leap out of my skin! *[Exit.]*

Nep. O, my charming widow! what a day have we gone through!

Wid. I would go through ten times as much to deceive an old amorous spark, like your uncle, to purchase a young one like his nephew.

Nep. I listened at the door all this last scene; my heart was agitated with ten thousand fears; suppose my uncle had been stout, and drawn his sword.

Wid. I should have run away as he did; when two cowards meet, the struggle is who shall run first; and sure I can beat an old man at any thing.

Nep. Permit me thus to seal my happiness.

[Kneels and kisses her hand.]

Enter WHITTLE and BATES; WHITTLE stares.

Bates. Confusion!

[Aside.]

Whit. *[Turning to BATES.]* Hey-day! I am afraid his head is not right yet! he was kneeling and kissing the captain's hand.

Bates. Tyke no notice, all will come about.

[Aside to WHITTLE.]

Wid. I find, Mr. Whittol, your family loves kissing better than fighting; he swears, I am as like my sister as two pigeons.

Enter SIR PATRICK O'NEALE.

Sir P. I hope, Mr. Whizzle, you'll excuse my coming back to give you an answer, without having any to give; I hear a grato dale of news about myself, and came to know if it be true; they say my son is in London, when he tells me himself, by letter here, that he's at Limerick; and I have been with my daughter to tell her the news, but she would not stay at home to receive it, so I come—Ogra-ma-

chree ! my little din onsil craw, what have we got here ? a piece of mummerly ! here is my son and daughter too, fait ; what, are you waring the breeches, Pat, to see how they become you when you are Mrs. Weezel ?

Wid. I beg your pardon for that, sir ! I wear them before marriage, because I think they become a woman better than after.

Whit. What, is not this your son ? *[Astonished.]*

Sir P. No, but it is my daughter, and that is the same thing.

Wid. And your neice, sir, which is better than either.

Whit. Mighty well ! and I suppose you have not lost your wits, young man ?

Nep. I sympathise with you, sir ; we lost 'em together, and found 'em at the same time.

Whit. Here's villiany ! Mr. Bates, give me the paper ; not a farthing shall they have till the law gives it 'em.

Bates. We'll cheat the law, and give it them now.

[Gives NEPHEW the paper.]

Whit. He may take his own, but he shan't have a sixpence of the five thousand pounds I promised him.

Bates. Witness, good folks, he owns to the promise.

Sir P. Fait, I'll witness dat, or anything else in a good cause.

Whit. What, am I choused again ?

Bates. Why should not my friend be choused out of a little justice for the first time ? Your hard usage has sharpened your nephew's wits ; therefore, beware, don't play with edge-tools—you'll only cut your fingers.

Sir P. And your trote, too, which is all one ; therefore, to make all asy, marry my daughter first, and then quarrel with her afterwards ; that will be in the natural course of things.

Whit. Here, Thomas ? where are you ?

Enter THOMAS

Here are fine doings ! I am deceived, tricked and cheated ?

Tho. I wish you joy, sir ; the best thing that could have happened to you ; and as a faithful servant, I have done my best to check you.

Whit. To check me !

Tho. You were galloping full speed, and down hill too, and if we had not laid hold of the bridle, being a bad jockey, you would have hung by your horns in the stirrup to the great joy of the whole town.

Whit. What, have you helped to tricked me ?

Tho. Into happiness. You have been foolish a long while, turn about and be wise ; he has got the woman and his estate ; give them your blessing, which is not worth much, and live like a Christian for the future.

Whit. I will if I can ; but I can't look at 'em ; I can't bear the sound of my voice, nor the sight of my own face ; look ye, I am distressed and distracted ! and can't come too yet ; I will be reconciled, if possible ; but don't let me see or hear from you, if you would have me forget and forgive you—I shall never lift up my head again !

Wid. I hope, Sir Patrick, that my preferring the nephew to the uncle will meet with your approbation?

Sir P. You are out of my hands, Pat, so if you won't trouble me with your afflictions, I shall sincerely rejoice at your felicity.

Nep. It would be a great abatement of my present joy, could I believe that this lady should be assisted in her happiness, or be supported in her afflictions, by any one but her lover and husband.

Sir P. Fine tastes are fine things, but a fine estate gives every thing but ideas, and them, too, if you'll appale to those who help you to spend it. What say you widow?

Wid. By your and their persuasion, I will tell my mind to this good company; and for fear my words should want ideas, too, I will add an Irish tune, that may carry off a bad voice, and bad matter.

SONG.

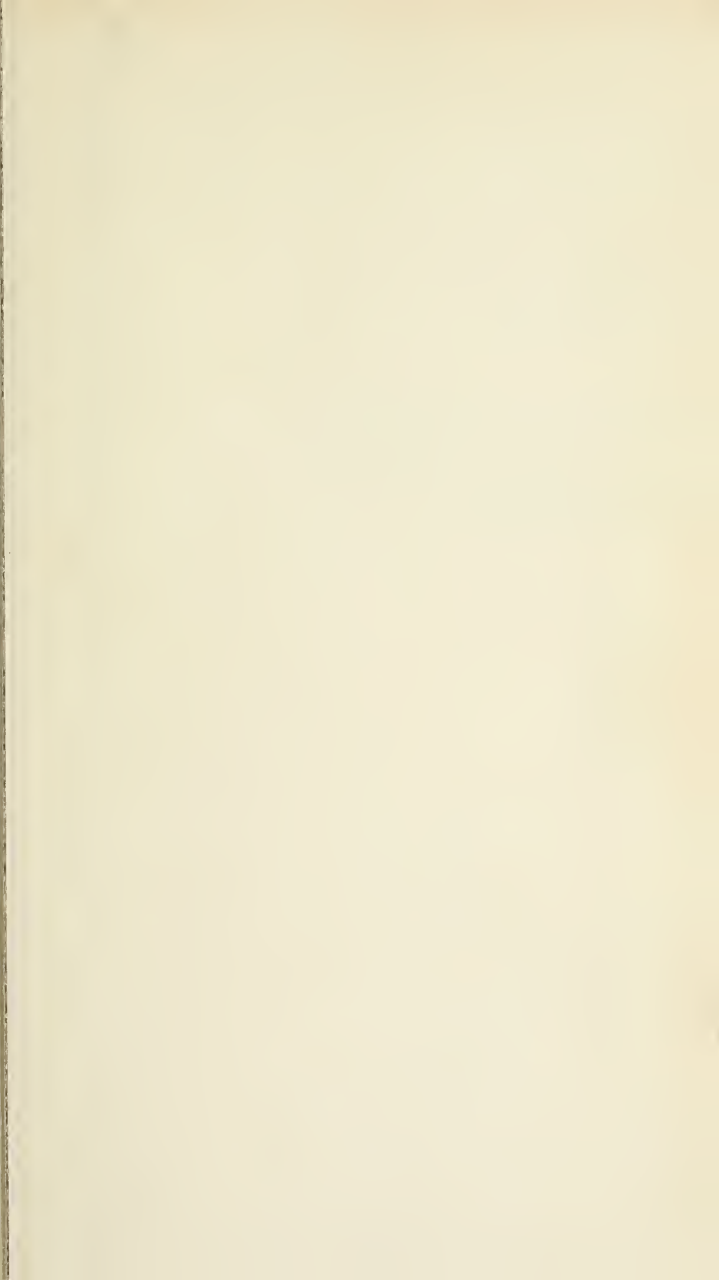
A widow bewitch'd with her passion,
 Though Irish, is now quite ashamed,
 To think that she's so out of fashion,
 To marry and then to be tamed.
 'Tis love, the dear joy,
 That old-fashioned boy,
 Has got in my breast with his quiver;
 The blind urchin he,
 Struck the cush la maw chree,
 And a husband secures me forever;
 Ye fair ones, I hope will excuse me,
 Though vulgar, pray not abuse me;
 I cannot become a fine lady,
 Oh love has bewitch'd widow Brady.

Ye critics, to murder so willing,
 Pray see all our errors with blindness,
 For once change your method of killing,
 And kill a fond widow with kindness;
 If you look so severe,
 In a fit of despair,
 Again will I draw forth my steel, sirs;
 You know I've the art
 To be twice through your heart,
 Before I can once make you feel, sirs.
 Brother soldiers I hope you'll protect me,
 Nor let cruel critics dissect me;
 To favor my cause be but ready,
 And grateful you'll find widow Brady.

To all that I see here before me,
 The bottom, the top, and the middle,
 For music we now must implore you,
 No wedding without pipe and fiddle:

If all are in tune,
Pray let it be soon,
My heart in my bosom is prancing !
If your hands should unite,
To give us delight,
Oh, that's the best piping and dancing,
Your plaudits to me are a treasure,
Your smiles are dow'r for a lady ;
Oh ! joy to you all in full measure.
So wishes, and prays widow Brady.

THE END.





PR

3467

I7

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Santa Barbara

STACK COLLECTION

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW.

